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Congratulatory Letter

WRITTEN FROM

Thos. Davis
1792.

OXFORD

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq;

Upon His being appointed

ONE OF HIS MAJESTYS PRINCIPAL

Secretaries of State.

By W. HUDDSFORD of *All-Souls Coll.* OXON.

Oracula Regis
Eloquio crevere Tuo. ——— Claud.

OXFORD,

Printed at the THEATER for *E. Whistler* Bookseller in *Oxford*;
and are to be Sold by *J. Knapton*, *J. Tonson*, *H. Clements*, and
W. Smith, Booksellers in *London*. MDCCXVII.

Congratulatory Letter

WRITTEN FROM

OXFORD

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

Imprimatur,

JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq.
70. BARON

Upon His being appointed

Vice-Chan. Oxon.

May 22. 1717.

Secretaries of State.

By W. Hubbard Esq. Sec. of the Hon. Com. of the



Oraculo Regis

Clau.

Elphinstone Esq.

OXFORD.

Printed at the Theatre for E. Whittier Bookeller in Oxford;
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W. Smith, Bookellers in London. MDCCXVII.



A
Congratulatory Letter

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE

Joseph Addison, Esquire;

Upon His being appointed

Secretary of State.



WHILE You, Great Sir, our Sovereign's

Counsels share,

And in each Thought revolve a King-

dom's Care;

Britain in Transport hears her Monarch's Voice,

One Breath bids *You* be great, and *Her* rejoyce:

Nor is the Bliss confin'd to *Britain's* Shores,
 But wide, as Your unbounded Fame, it soars;
 Remotest Regions in Your Praise combin'd,
 Spread the diffusive Joy through half Mankind.

Isis long since her Future Patron knew,
 And kept Your tow'ring Genius still in View;
 Since first You drew delighted Crowds around
 With the soft Magick of poetick Sound:
 Not Satyrs tam'd, or Savages disarm'd,
 Admir'd Your Lays; the Sons of Arts were charm'd;
 So bold, so just, so beautiful, so strong,
 So finish'd were Your first Attempts in Song,
 That in those early Flights mature appears
 The Warmth of Manhood, and the Skill of Years.
 What were our Hopes when distant Years should roll,
 Advancing still the Glories of Your Soul,
 To make the Circle of Your Fame compleat,
 In Arts of Empire, as in Learning great!

First You the Muses in these Shades enjoy'd,
 And *Virgil's* Verse to vulgar Themes apply'd;

But soon in nobler Tracts sublime You rise,
 Born by the *Mantuan* Swan, and mount the Skies;
 And from the Bees low Empire learn to sing
 Of *Britain's* Heroes, and *advise* her King.

Now *Nassau's* Sword an equal Flight demands,
 Your Verse attends the Heroe, as He lands,
 Rewards the Toils of Conquest with Renown,
 And adds new Lustre to th' Imperial Crown.

When You transport Us to the *Latian* Coasts,
 We tast each Sweet that happy Region boasts;
 See Domes, long ruin'd, by Your Art revive,
 And *Rome* in all her ancient Splendor live;
 By You adorn'd the golden Prospect shines,
 And all *Hesperia* blossoms in Your Lines.

Or when You sing of *Blenheim's* dreadful Plain,
 And the World's Empire fixt in one Campaign,
 What Thirst of glorious Fight Your Verse inspires!
 What generous Rage th' embattled Squadrons fires!

For Your Applause new Conquests They pursue,
And *Britain* half her Triumphs owes to You.

Nor skill'd alone to make the Warrior great,
Your Labours shew the Courtier's Praise compleat.
You taught keen Wit our Follies to engage,
And Charm'd, and Polish'd, and Reform'd the Age.
Each Day was pregnant with some new Delight,
And Vice derided fled from human Sight.
What Raptures seiz'd great *Milton's* sacred Shade,
When such Applause was by His Rival paid!

When *Cato* sunk beneath his falling State,
How oft have *British* Tears bewail'd his Fate?
How oft We crown'd his Virtues with Applause,
And wish'd His Zeal employ'd in *Britain's* Cause,
To guard our Freedom, and support the Throne?
Our Pray'r is heard! — He lives in *Admiration*
With equal Glory the two Patriots thought,
And as *One* greatly acted, th' *Other* wrote.
Now in a larger Field Your Pow'r display'd
Shall prove Your self the *Cato* You have made.

Contending Parties in Your Praise engage
 Calm'd by Your Virtues, and forget their Rage:
 In this alone the jarring State's agree'd,
 That what Your Counfel dictates must succeed.

How soon Your Prudence We begin to blefs!
 How soon You crown our Wishes with Succes!
 Mercy belov'd of Heav'n, and Peace restor'd,
 Appease the Rage of the destructive Sword.
 The Pris'ner (that unconquer'd dragg'd his Chain,
 Fearless of threat'ned Death and varied Pain)
 The Royal Grace at once subdues, and saves,
 And the freed Captive pleasingly enslaves.
 How does he blefs the Tongue that bids him live!
 How Godlike is the Glory to forgive!

Now the tremendous Sight of Arms no more
 Affrights the Peasant on the peaceful Shore:
 The lab'ring Hind observes with joyful Eyes
 His Herds encrease, and plenteous Harvests rise.

Fears not to till his Land for Lords unknown,
Nor doubts if all his Labours are his own.

Fair *Liberty* profuse of Blifs divine,
Pregnant with Peace, and plenteous Joys shall shine.

Religion, heavenly Queen, extends her Reign,
And leads a thousand Blessings in her Train :
Now in Majestick Goodness sweetly gay,
She fees adoring Worlds their Incense pay,
And smiles secure, and gives the Winds her Fear,
Since her best Friend enjoys His *Prince's* Ear.

So, when some *earthly Matron* sees afar
Friendly Battalions in the Pomp of War ;
Her erring Fears unthreaten'd Ills Surmise,
The City trembling hears her mournful Cries ;
But when the peaceful Army marches near,
If in the Front her darling Son appear,
In Tears of Joy the short Delusion ends,
And the pleas'd Train her pious Care commends.

Proceed, *Great Sir*, this highest Praise to gain,
 Your Church's Rights, and Honours to maintain,
 Then Envy shall her baffled Rage bewail,
 Or in low Murmurs impotently rail.

A double Transport *these learn'd Seats* confess,
 Saluting You, We greet our own Success.
Oxford no more laments her injur'd Name,
 Your Virtues screen her honour'd Sons from Blame.
 What Malice can arraign her Sacred Schools,
 Her various Learning, and her blameless Rules,
 When You disdain not that the World should know,
 Your self *these Honours* to her Guidance owe.

Think not a factious, and tumultuous Race
 The peaceful Muses calm Retreats disgrace;
 Your *Oxford* still retains her old Renown,
 For ever faithful to the Church and Crown.
 If a few thoughtless Youths mistaken Zeal,
 O'er their fair Graces cast a blackning Veil,

Yet may *They* prove their Prince's best Defence
 When growing Years confirm their ripen'd Sense,
 And BRUNSWICK'S Heroes by *your* Counsel shine
 With Lustre worthy of the STEWART'S Line.

So the young Courser, prancing o'er the Plain,
 Spurns at the founding Whip, and fervile Rein; A
 Disdainful tears the Ground, and snuffs the Air;
 Till sooth'd he learns the Rider's Hand to bear;
 Who views his boiling Courage with Delight,
 And forms him for the Chariot, or the Fight.

When *Julius* conquer'd on *Emathia's* Shore,
 Great *Tully* near his warlike Breast he wore.
 When vanquish'd *Antony* the World resign'd,
Augustus to the *Mantuan* Muse was kind
 To this their Empire owes its lasting Name,
 The first and brightest in the Lists of Fame.

Now have the Fates that blissful Age restor'd,
 When the World's Heroes call'd *Augustus* Lord;

And *Britain's* Patriots like the *Roman* seem
 In Arts and Knowledge, as in Arms supreme,
 With Pleasure *Spain* our Embassies attends,
 And *France* obeys the Dictates *Britain* sends:
Holland delighted, and the *Northern Czar*
 From us learn Eloquence, as well as War;
Denmark is charm'd, and ev'n the trembling *Sweden*
 Applauds the dire Decree that bids him bleed.

Long may You watch o'er *Britain's* happy Isle,
 Make her Arts flourish, and her Muses smile,
 And when no more of Fame Your Life shall give,
 To distant Times may Your Example live,
 New Honours to these Seats of Learning gain,
 And teach our future Princes how to reign.

Forgive the Muse that to a Nation's Praise
 Adds the small Tribute of her humble Lays,
 Wings her first Flight to You, and rashly dares
 One Hour detain You from *Britannia's* Cares;

